

THE PRABUDDHA BHARATA OR AWAKENED INDIA

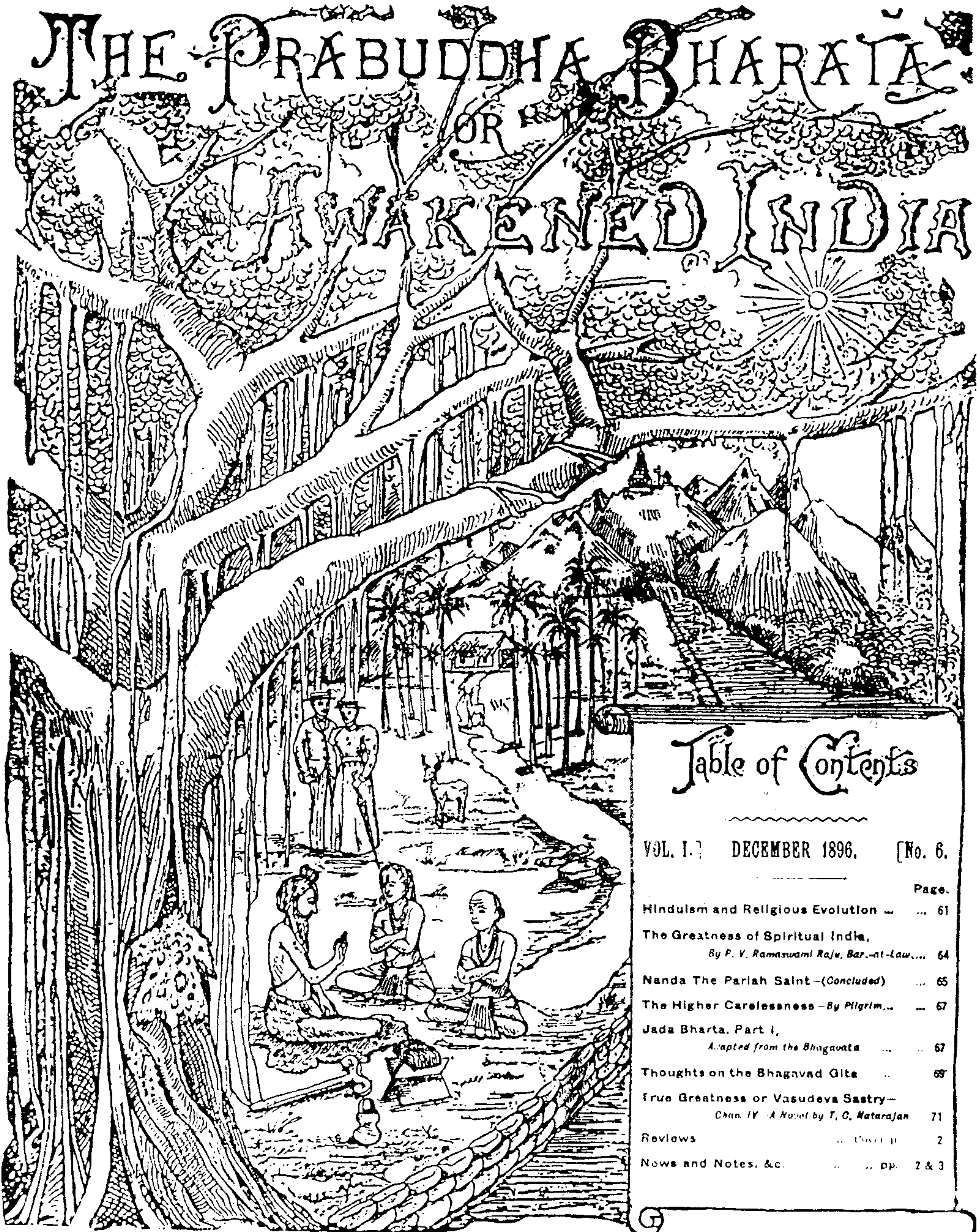


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Reviews.

The Palm Groves and Modern Idolatry: Two poems by William Sharp, M. D.—Both the poems are characterised by a vein of philosophical seriousness. There is no attempt, however, at sermonizing, a weakness into which ordinary writers of didactic poems might easily drift. The writer is a genuine poet; and the first poem, written in Bombay, is thoroughly faithful to the life and scenery of India, and powerfully recalls to our minds the ancient sages of India, who 'looked and pondered without ceasing' on the Palm trees 'till their inner eyes were opened.'

The Isavasyopanishad: translated into English by Mr. Srisa Chandra Vasu, B.A., F.T.S. Published by Mr. Tookaram Tatyā, 65, Esplanade Road, Bombay.—The translation is complete in itself, containing, as it does, the commentaries in full of Sankara and Ananta, and notes from the *Tikas* of Anandagiri, Uvata and others; and leaves very little to be desired. It is a great thing that the writer shows no personal bias towards any particular commentator, and leaves his readers to choose for themselves. For our own part, we are inclined to follow the fuller, the grander, the more elaborate, and the more consistent commentary of Sankara, in preference to that of Ananta, who seems to think that true wisdom could be selfish, and concedes to it only a partial immortality. The point of departure between the two great commentators does not seem to be, as the translator implies, the performance or renunciation of works. Ananta's *nishkāmyakarma* is included in Sankara's conception of knowledge. The Sun and Agni, referred to in the Upanishad, are not the physical sun and fire, as Mr. Vasu thinks; these are only symbols, and their true meaning can be learned only from the guru. In other respects, the translation is admirably done; and the learned translator deserves the heartfelt gratitude of all lovers of the Vedāntic philosophy, for the valuable help he has rendered to them. Considering the immense amount of time and labor the book should have cost, the price—twelve annas—is very moderate.

Sankhya Tattva-Kaumudi: translated into English by Mr. Ganganatha Jha, M.A., F.T.S. Published by Tookaram Tatyā. Price Rs. 2.—The book before us contains also the original by Vāchaspati Miśra. The introduction is a brief and admirably lucid exposition of the Sankhya philosophy. To touch, however briefly, on the few but most important points of difference between the great system of the father of philosophy and that of the Vedānta, was obviously foreign to the purpose of the learned translator, but since Vāchaspati Miśra often refers in an unsatisfactory way to the Vedānta, it would have been extremely useful if we could have had from the scholarly pen of Mr. Ganganatha the arguments of Sankara's school on plurality of spirits, the inherent creative energy of nature, its existence as a separate entity and some other points. The translation is very faithful to the original, and is never lacking in clearness of expression.

The Tamil Journal of Education, Madras.—The two numbers we have received are interesting. Ventures of this kind, especially in the educational world, require very much the support of the authorities concerned; and such support may, we hope, be forthcoming when deserved.

News and Notes.

Mrs. Besant writing about our journal says, "I think it is admirably written and edited, and should be most useful to our beloved India."

Swami Saradananda.—Sara J. Farmer writes to Swami Vivekānanda, "..... He (Saradananda) has fulfilled all the high words you spoke of him, and has been a great inspiration to us. His dignity of bearing and gentle courtesy won friends on all sides, and we did not hear criticism of any kind.

As it was with you, the Vedānta philosophy seemed to meet all needs. The Swami Saradananda seemed ready to meet questions of all kinds, and his patience knew no bounds. As he gained confidence, and understood our people better, he became quite fluent in speech, until, a few nights ago, in the presence of Mrs. Schlesinger—your friend—and a few other friends, he spoke for an hour-and-a-half, without notes, and spoke well....."

A Correspondence.—Mr. M. C. Alasingra Char, Advocate, Bangalore, writes as follows:—"1. In page 38, column 2, in the Article headed 'What is Vedānta,' it is said that all knowledge is of two kinds. Here there is an important omission, namely the inter-relation between the phenomenon and the noumenon in all things that form the subject matter of knowledge. Hence all knowledge is of three kinds and not of two kinds. 2. What is taken to illustrate the difference between phenomenon and noumenon is water analysed into oxygen and hydrogen. Neither of these is noumenon. Hence it is not an apt illustration. Besides, oxygen + hydrogen = water. Here plus shows the inter-relation between the two which is omitted as stated in remark 1." The illustration of oxygen and hydrogen referred to in paras 1 and 2, does not, as the writer supposes, relate to the difference between the noumenon and the phenomenon, but to the necessary imperfection of all sciences dealing with the latter. The inter-relation between the noumenon and the phenomenon is one of manifestation, for "the Universe is," says the Sruti, "nothing but Nārāyaṇa; the *Atman* manifested is the world."

Rev. W. M. Barrows, D.D., of America.—We are glad to announce to the public that Dr. Barrows of America is shortly going to pay a visit to our country. It is expected that he will give a series of lectures on Comparative Religion. Our readers will recollect, that it was he and President Bonney, who were chiefly instrumental in bringing about the great Parliament of Religions, which took our Swami Vivekānanda to foreign countries as an Apostle of the Vedāntic philosophy. We must all be thankful to Dr. Barrows for the extremely cordial welcome he gave to the delegates from various places, and especially to our own. We take this opportunity to express our gratitude to the great doctor, and welcome him to our ancient land.

Professor Deussen.—Swami Vivekānanda, writing to the *Brakmaridin* on Professor Deussen, says, among other things, "The earliest school of Sanskritists in Europe entered into the study of Sanskrit with more imagination than critical ability. They knew a little, expected too much; and such vagaries as estimating Sakuntala as the high-water mark of Indian philosophy, were not unknown.

These, again, were succeeded by a reactionary band, who knew little, expected nothing, and ridiculed everything from the East. While criticising the unsound imaginativeness of the early school, to whom everything in Indian literature was rose and milk, these went into speculations which, to say the least, were venturesome. And this boldness was naturally helped by the fact that these scholars were addressing an audience whose only qualification for judgment was absolute ignorance of Sanskrit. And what a medley! One fine morning the poor Hindu woke up to find that everything was gone. One strange race had snatched up his arts, another his architecture—his sciences were claimed by some odd race of Mlechhas, and even his religion! Oh yes, that too had migrated into India in the wake of a piece of Pchlevi cross of stone!! After a period of such feverish treading-on-each-other's-toes of original research, a better state of things has dawned. It has been found out, that mere adventure without a capital of real and ripe scholarship, produces nothing but ridiculous failure; and that the traditions in India are not to be rejected with supercilious contempt; but that there is more in them than people ever dream of.

A new band of scholars is rising, reverential, sympathetic and learned—reverential, because they are a better stamp of men; and sympathetic, because they are learned. The link that connects the new portion of the chain with the old, is certainly Max Müller. We, Hindus, certainly owe

(Continued on cover page 3.)

the jewels that she has to throw away, not for the hair she has to give away to the barber, but for the kindest of husbands and the best of all that loved, her richest treasure, her dearest joy.

Krishna is no more, and over his ashes we can only sing the old dirge.—

Fear no more the heat o' the sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages,
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages

.....
Fear no more the lightning-flash,
Nor th' all-dreaded thunder-stone;
Fear not slander, censure rash,
Thou hast finish'd joy and moan:
All lovers young, all lovers must
Consign to thee, and come to dust.

(To be Continued.)

The portion of the novel printed on the cover page will be reprinted in the body of the next issue.

News and Notes.—(Continued).

more to him than to any other Sanskrit scholar; and I am simply astonished, when I think of the tremendous task he undertook as a young man, and brought to success in his old age. Think of this man poring over old manuscripts, hardly legible to the Hindus themselves, in a language to acquire which takes a life-time even in India, without any help of any needy Pandit—whose "brains could be picked," as the Americans say, for 10 shillings a month, and mention in the introduction of some book of "brand-new researches"—spending days, and sometimes, months, in elucidating the meaning of a word or a sentence in the commentary of Śaṅkara (as he told me himself), and, in the end, succeeding in making an easy road through the forests of Vedic literature.

Of course, we need not agree with him on all points, certainly we cannot! but, agreement or disagreement, the fact remains the same, that this man has done a thousand times more for the literature of our forefathers than you or I can ever hope to do, and that too, with a heart full of love and veneration.

If Max Müller is the pioneer of the new movement, Deussen is certainly one of the advanced guard. Philologicistic research, as it were, covered so long the sight of the gems hidden inside the Vedas: Max Müller brought out a few nuggets, and exhibited them to the public gaze, compelling their attention through his authority as the foremost philologist; Deussen, unhampered with philologicistic leanings, and with the training of a philosopher singularly well-versed in the speculations of ancient Greece and modern Germany, took up the cue, and plunged boldly into the intricacies of the Upanishads, found them sound wholesale, and as boldly declared it before the world.

Deussen, certainly, is the freest with his opinions about the Vedānta, and never stops to think "what they would say," of the vast majority of scholars. We always require bold men to tell us bold words about truth in this world, and nowhere more than in Europe, where there has been enough, in all conscience, of the white-washing and apologizing attitude among scholars, towards creeds in which not one of them believes, through fear of social opinion.

All glory to Max Müller and Deussen for this bold advocacy of truth, and may they be as bold in showing the corruptions in our systems in India, especially in their application to social needs. We need the help of such genuine friends as these, to check the growing disease in India of running between the two extremes of slavish panygerists or demoniacal denouncers, between those who cling to every village superstition as the gist of the Sastras, and those who want to dynamite the social and spiritual organization of India."

Erratum.—For 'San Francisco island' on page 50 (last issue) please read 'Sandwich islands.'

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THE Prabuddha Bhârata OR AWAKENED INDIA.

ब्रह्मविदामोति परम्.

"He who knows the Supreme attains the highest."—*Tait. Upa. II. 1. 1.*

VOL. I.
No. 6.

MADRAS, DECEMBER 1896.

PUBLISHED
MONTHLY.

Hinduism and Religious Evolution.

ALL religions, however different they may be in the ideals they insist on, the doctrines they preach, and the promises they hold forth to humanity, have among them a large number of common elements, which, as we have seen, constitute their essence, and which, on that account, render their comparison with one another possible. A river has little in common with a mountain, and cannot therefore be compared with it. But one river and another can well be compared. Likewise, religions, on account of their common essence, admit of comparison with one another. Indeed, they merely relate to different stages of human evolution, and have each its place and value in the spiritual economy of the world. We shall not, however, enter here into any offensive comparison of particular religions, but shall content ourselves with indicating the general principles of religious evolution and determining in their light the place of Hinduism. Speaking from the evolutionary standpoint, we shall see that Hinduism is one of the most comprehensive and most highly evolved religions, and that it is, on that account, the religion of that highest of philosophies—the Vedânta.

Religions may roughly be classified into four groups ; one, inculcating fear ; another, teaching love, but love for earthly rewards or Heavenly enjoyment ; the third, teaching love pure and simple, without any bargaining ; and the fourth, insisting on Knowledge or Wisdom as an end in itself. It is not, however, for one moment suggested that these groups stand out separately marked out in actual life. The element of fear predominates in some religions, love in some, and knowledge in others. In the majority of religions all these elements are simultaneously present, though combined in different proportions.

The second of the four groups—that which relates to bargaining love—is the one which commonly prevails as

religion. The love in the second and the third may, each in its way, be divided into love for the human race or the brother, and love towards God or the Father. In Buddhism, love for the neighbour seems more insisted upon than love towards God. In Christianity on the other hand, we have an equipoise, as it were ; man and God each claiming an equal share of the human heart, though, in practice, their claims are not perhaps often as well heeded as desirable. In popular Hinduism too, there is a similar equipoise ; but, we are talking without any prejudice whatever, the balance is a little more firmly adjusted, though our religion is far from being perfect. The innumerable *chatrams* in the land ; the numberless towers that newly rise with joy toward Heaven every year—by the way, Ruskin asks, 'How many cathedrals have you built, O Englishmen, since St. Paul's ? Is there any ratio between them and your manufactories ?'*—the habit of feeding crows and other birds before dinner ; the veneration paid to the cow and other animals ; and a very strong faith in private, first hand and unquestioning, though often indiscriminate, charity, prevailing in our land—supported as it is with the wholesome superstition, that God, who came down on earth to enslave a Brahmin, and convert, with a mango, a pious *Vaisya* woman into a saint†, might be among the beggars in human form—and the long lists of saints, *bhaktas*, philosophers and *rishis*, beginning from time immemorial and happily not yet ended : all these eloquently testify to the fact that the love to man, to lower animals, and to God, preached by the great men of old, is not wholly dead in the Hindu heart.

The first of the four groups in the classification above given, namely, the religion of fear, is the beginning of all religion. The awe-inspiring miracle of thunder and lightning ; the rich and pompous heraldry of the heavens ; the stars, the eyes of

* These are not his very words.

† The reference is to the lives of two Saivite Saints, Sundara and Karaikkalammai.

heaven 'glistening from above with immortal pity for the lot of man;' the awful solitude of the midnight hour which turns even atheists into God-fearing men; the noisy cataract that makes a dreadful music at bed time; the lonely ocean that rolls on wave after wave, symbolising the purposeless struggle on earth, and, as a melancholy Jacques would have said, weeping in a voice worthy of the Himalayas, as if its sorrowful roar would represent the noise of the huge market of the world; the traditions of Hells burning like furnaces and spreading 'a fiery deluge fed with ever-burning sulphur unconsumed'; the stories of accursed souls flitting across the air and even knocking at the doors of houses at midnight, in the shape of legless ghosts; the conception that there is a dark whiskered Yama (Death) sitting on a throne and adjudging, or a Chitrakuta writing accounts of our actions, or a God on high holding the scales in his hand ready for judgment; the selfishness, the pomp, the vanity, and the wickedness, of the world: all drive poor man, even in our 'present leaden age,' to seek refuge in God; and often, when the hand is about to take the sword for murder, the vicious nerve that prompted the deed trembles with fear. This fear is the beginning of all knowledge. The river runs its silent course heedless of man; fire burns with a vigour which comes, he cannot say whence; the earthquake shakes cities; volcanoes destroy the work of ages: man fears and trembles. There is a God everywhere, he says; *Riks* he sings, one to Fire, one to Water, one to Air, in Aztec or Sanskrit as the case may be; a fetich is put up, a hymn is sung: religion begins, knowledge commences. The poor fisherman, who eats from hand to mouth, has built a new boat, and is about to launch it into the black waters: he burns camphor as incense; and a corresponding bottle of liquor is offered as sacrifice to Varuna, the God of the Sea. Here is fetichism, if you please; but that is religion or the germs of it, its protoplasm. This is the first part of Hinduism—the first rung of the ladder.

This same fear, however, leads to love. No man can long be content with a terrible bearded God sitting with an axe in His hand, 'beside a river of nectar, careless of mankind.' We want a Father, a merciful Father, who would look after our interests, hear our prayers, and redress our grievances. We want him to be loving, not to be always Maruthaiviran, but to be Minākshi, or Kāmākshi, or Rāma, or Krishna, and have a fair face, at least, for those that do good. And as love and sympathy are the best means of approaching our neighbour, so sympathy and love alone can reveal to us God, 'the work of whose fingers is the heavens, the moon and the stars, which He has ordained all for man.'

Love is at first selfish and low; and man, seeking refuge from fear, begins with praying humbly for his own safety and 'for the subjection of his foes'. He says, "Lord, how long shall the wicked triumph! By the blast of God they perish and by the breath of His nostrils are they consumed!" But it is soon found out that the motive of vengeance is a bad *Karma* (action), that 'curses come home like chickens to roost.' We had been to Chidambaram, where we saw a woman, who had bathed in a tank and had offended the municipal gods by washing her cloths in the water, sincerely praying to her Kambattadimurgan (an image carved on a pillar) that the guards of the tank should be severely chastised, if it be true that God resided within the pillar. A very good religion that, comfortable and human; Renan said, "If you want

a God, it must be human". But when a glimpse of the virtuous God is once obtained, His martyrdom on the cross, His Holy and eternal sacrifice of Himself, or His silent and beneficent contemplation under the Bo-tree, tears start from men's eyes, the heart that brooded vengeance is softened for ever, and the tongue that wanted the punishment of the enemy now prays for pardon, and in the midst of burning fire the martyr cries aloft to Heaven, "O Lord, let not this sin be laid to the account of my persecutors, it is not their fault."

Incense goes up to Heaven, not merely for the subjection of foes, but also for the granting of boons. "The poor, the sickly, the pious, and the wise seek for me," said Sri Krishna (*Gita*, VII, 16). At least one half of the seekers really bargain with God. The young student who wishes to pass his examination, breaks cocoanuts in the temple. A dying peasant in England said to his Bible-woman, "At your request I believe in Christ, and he, as a gentleman, will, I have no doubt, keep his word, and grant me Heaven." This kind of 'milking the gods', however, rises when a glimpse of God is obtained. The child Druva, when he saw God and His glory, cared not to ask for a seat on his father's lap, the first object of his penance. Bartering with God is the religion of the majority: of the Hindu mother, when she hangs her little cradle, that God, who blessed her with a child, might sleep there in the night; and of the ancient sagely Hebrew who prayed for the crushing of his foes, as well as the Christian who carried the palm tree to Palestine and the Muhammadan who prays day and night with beads for the possession of the damsels in Heaven. This is the second part of Hinduism.

The third part is pure love, the result of having felt, however dimly, the sweetness of the Lord conceived either as an old man with a silvery beard, or a young girl beautifully decorated with diamonds, or in any other manner. It may here be remarked that idolatry is the prevalent religion of the human race. Our eyes are naturally turned outside, and it requires an effort to turn our vision inward. "Until you get hold of the highest absolute God in his formless form," says a great sage, "you cannot afford to throw overboard religions and their conceptions of God." "In the Word (the Vedas), in the Word's end (the Vedānta), in the Śrutis of that Vedānta, in the ever-stainless *chitākāś*, in the hearts of those who have inquired and of the lovers, resides my dear God", says Pattanattuppillai (a great Tamil philosopher), "and not in stone and copper, as the ignorant suppose". But the same Pattanattuppillai sings of the raised foot, the bent hand, and the third eye of Natarāja. No contradiction. The religion of the majority is essentially idolatrous; and even to such a refined philosopher as Pillai, the image has its value, and its meaning will be something like what appeared in the second issue of this journal. Indeed, idolatry has not been more severely condemned in any other country than in India; and it may be added that the abstracted space of earth, water, air, or sky, or worse, the utter nothingness that does duty for God in the mind of the iconoclastic Protestant, is really a more mischievous form of idolatry than that of our country. God is not space, anything more than He is gold, or silver. The conception of God varies according to the mental aptitudes of the worshippers. "In whatever way men worship me, even so I appear unto them." (*Gita*, IV, 11.). Love, especially the unreflecting and pure love we are now speaking of, though idolatrous in its early stage, is elevating; and the picture of

Râdha, the amorous Râdha, adorned with golden bangles and jewels, her face speaking the divinest grief, waiting with flowers in her hand on the Jumna sands, waiting for the silk-clad dancing Krishna with his favourite flute, and knowing not the hours as they passed on, is beautiful enough and inspiring, even when taken literally.

To take another example of high and disinterested love. There was once a great man, now a saint, who meditated on Sri Krishna as his pet child, mentally bought for him a golden cradle, sang midnight lyrics over that fancy cradle, and wept in woman's dress that Devaki sent forth her golden child, born flute in hand, over the dark Jumna floods which parted when the prisoner father carried him over to Yasoda's palace. To take another instance. There was a flower girl, a Brahmin by birth, who declined all her suitors and insisted on marrying Vēṅgadava (God Vishnu) of the northern hills; such was the intensity of her love that she dreamt that Lord Mâdhava entered her chamber and married her with great pomp, and waking found her dream realised—not concretely of course; and unto this-day, the idol at Srivilliputūr, her native place, enters the house of her descendants once a year, resides there for a day like a veritable son-in-law, and returns home with a rich dowry of pumpkins red and white, plaintain leaves, and big copper and bronze vessels. This is Hinduism of a type, let nobody dare despise it.

Higher or lower comes a royal saint, who is willing to lose all his kingdoms, if only for the bliss of being born in the Tirupati hills as a fish in a pond which pious *bhaktas* might feed on, or as a stone at the temple gate which devotees might walk over and crush down; he would die to be the necklace of Vishnu, or his conch, or bow. Such love as the following lines,

It is the miller's daughter,
And she is grown so dear, so dear,
That I would be the jewel
That trembles in her ear:
For hid in ringlets day and night,
I'd touch her neck so warm and white.

so beautifully picture, is possible towards a much higher and a more beautiful Being than the miller's daughter. One devotee looked upon God as his most intimate friend, and played with Him, and even blamed Him in the familiarity of his love. Another regarded Him as his father, and would do nothing else than obey His will and do His bidding. Nârada says, "Attachment through glory, attachment through duty, attachment through worship, attachment as a servant, attachment as friend, attachment as beloved, attachment as self-sacrifice, attachment by identification, attachment by misery in separation, as in the case of lovers, thus the one love takes eleven modes." (Sûtra, 82.)

However various the forms, in essence love is one and the same; and to the lover, the world ordained by God whether as father, mother, friend, or child, is divine. The heart that truly loves sees Him and Him alone in all the world. The crow is God, its croaking is God, the evening sun is God, the parrots as they play on the peepul-tree are God, the bees that hum on the river side are God, the leper that suffers is God, the whole world is transformed into the Lord by the alchemy of love. Henceforth there is left in the heart only the milk of human kindness, love to the neighbour and love to God. It is of this love that Nârada says, "love cannot be made to fulfil desires, for its nature is re-

nunciation." (Sûtra 7). Again it is said, "love is surrendering all actions to God and feeling the greatest misery in forgetting Him." (*Ibid* 19.)

When the celestial heights of love above described are reached, higher peaks become visible and have to be climbed. The epithets, father, mother, lover, child, and others, applied to God, do not satisfy. In all these there is a veil of partition between God and man, however thin, which the lover can no longer endure. He must become one with his love; he must become Love itself. The definition of love, in this its highest sense, is, "it is the unbroken feeling of the Universal self in one's own self." Here and here alone does the Personal become the Impersonal; here and not before does idolatry truly cease; here it is that Love is Light, and Light is Love.

Thus does love lead to Wisdom, the highest grade in the classification we started with. Wisdom or merging into God is a very rare privilege, before attaining which the whole ocean of *Mâya* has to be traversed, the curtain of Ignorance to be torn to pieces, the Isis behind the veil to be realized. The *gnâni* alone, of all men, knows God as He is—"the perfect infinite spirit who is like the sun after darkness, than whom nothing is greater, nothing more subtle and nothing older." (Sweta. Up. III. 8-9). The very ground on which such a wise man sits is sacred; his footprints are worth all the spheres that roll in the heavens; his service to humanity is more than the service of the Himalayas or the sky, it is the service of God Himself. "The preservation of one human soul from perdition," says the Talmud, "is equal to such a meritorious work as if one had preserved the whole world with all its beautiful creations." And how many souls does not a *gnâni* save by the silent magic of his sanctity. To save even one man for ever from the miseries of the phenomenal world is much more valuable than building a multitude of hospitals for the sick or *chattrams* for the poor, for disease and hunger constantly recur and can never be fully removed. The whole universe is within the *gnâni's* heart, the whole but without the disturbance of name and form, all glory, all silence, eternal and peaceful. "To attain to this state of blessedness," says a sage, "I would pant like a calf for its missing mother, and would cry 'O Father O Lord, O my beloved Lord, come, come and embrace me and make me yours'."

We have now traversed over the whole area of Hinduism, though in a brief and superficial manner. Hinduism is satisfying; it has the elements of fear towards God and love, and what is more, it is true light, it is realization. One step leads to another; a connected ladder it is, a veritable Jacob's ladder from earth to Heaven. It is universal and extremely well adapted to all the stages of human evolution; and that is why it is so tolerant and so receptive. Had Christ been born in India, he would have found a place in the list of the *avatars*. Mary of Catholicism has in the south almost become Mâriammâl. And Mirân of Nagore (Tanjore Dt.) is already the common property of both the Hindus and the Muhammadans. The fisherman that prays to the ocean God, for the safety of himself and his new boat, with liquor bottle and camphor, has religious kinship with the *rishi* who prays on the banks of the Sindhu (the Indus) saying, "O God grant light unto me, illumine my mind as the sun, Thy viceroy, illumines the world"—the same *mantra* that ages ago our ancient fathers uttered on the monarch of mountains, the same that the Brahmin is taught to repeat to-day, the prayer

that asks not for bread, or money, or for a night's shelter, or for the subjection of foes, but for the abounding light of Heaven which shines all inside, for the 'impulses of a deeper birth' that come in solitude. Hinduism is realization from beginning to end, it is philosophy applied; and of the genuine cultured Hindu it may well be said,

"In common things that round us lie,
Some random truths he can impart;
The harvest of a quiet eye,
That broods and sleeps in his own heart."

Here, in this privilege of feeling and realizing God conceived as He might be, according to various mental aptitudes, either as a fetich, or father, or *Atman*, is Hinduism, the religion of the Vedānta.

The Greatness of Spiritual India.

SUPPOSE there is a blockade of all the ports of India, and no exports or imports allowed, what will be the result? The food grains in the country will become cheap, the looms will revive, and every indigenous art flourish, contributing largely to the well-being of the people. In other words, India is a country, whose natural resources are such as to make it independent of all foreign lands in the necessities of life, and also in the matter of many of its luxuries. Even so, if all books of religious instruction and thought that have been imported into it from foreign countries, be taken away from it, there yet will remain such a quantity of indigenous material as will supply all the spiritual wants of the people. Let us see what foreigners have brought into India, and how the same has affected the people of the country. The Bible, the Koran, the Zendavesta may be mentioned as the foremost. In these books, there is no passage that has not its parallel in the books of our country. Over and above what is in them, the followers of the tenets contained in these books claim for them a divine origin. Our books would concede even this, as being in perfect conformity with the ordinances of the Creator. Do not the Vedas of our country say—"Védūvai anantah"—i.e., the Scriptures are infinite? The paramount scriptural idea in India is not that there is any particular scripture or body of scriptures alone that is sanctioned by divine authority, but that everything is a Scripture which gives a clue to the knowledge of the Supreme Being and of the state to come after this life. Again, a careful examination of these books will show that the very style and subject-matter of them are very similar to books corresponding to them in India. It has often been set forth as an argument for the specially divine character of some foreign Scriptures, that the doctrine of vicarious sacrifice for the sins of men is peculiar to them. This is not so. The doctrine of vicarious sacrifice is what the Vedas set forth most specifically and essentially. The whole of the ritual of the Veda—properly so called—is concerned mainly with the great principle of human abnegation above named. All the sacrifices that have been prescribed have been for the annihilation of *paṇman* (sin) and the attainment of the blessings that follow such annihilation. Again, that God makes Himself the victim for the sins of men is specially set forth in our books; for, according to the principle that He is everything and is in everything, He is known as the *yegna* and the *yegnapasū*. Some people of India have become followers of these creeds. That is because most of them have grossly neglected to acquire

a knowledge of their own religion and philosophy. A great deal of the neglect of the religion of the country by its own people, is due to their various avocations in life, that give them little or no leisure to attend to matters religious and philosophical. Need we refer here to the man, who, though possessed of ample leisure, yet fritter it away in worthless pursuits; and, when death approaches, throw a painful retrospective glance over a vast area of time that has been mercilessly ceded to frivolity and pleasures not worth the name. The same is the state of affairs in every country. Hence it is that those who really seek spiritual benefits are very few. These are the custodians of the spiritual conscience of the people—so to speak. They, in India, have been long noted for the good work they have done. Their work has been threefold:—(1) examining the spiritual treasures in which the country abounds in the shape of scriptures and works of the adepts, (2) assimilating their minds with the principles and ideas contained in them, (3) revealing the knowledge they have thus gained to those who are entitled to receive it by the efforts they have made to acquire it. These masters, as we may call them, have found in India all that man wants in his spiritual progress from this world to the world to come. Hence it is that India is spiritually such a great country. Much has been said of the contributions to the spiritual literature of the world, which the writings of many European authors, early and late, have made; but the character of much of this would be pronounced to be secular by the masters of our country. The writings of Aristotle, Plato, Spinoza, Kant, and other writers of the kind would, according to our masters, go to the category of the secular sciences and arts. There may be here and there among them glimpses of spiritual truth, as understood in our country; but these glimpses are like flashes of lightning that are simply fitful and momentary, and are not part and parcel of the systems propounded. Readers of English Poetry among our countrymen have often exclaimed that, in Pope, Shelley, Cowper, Wordsworth, Coleridge and other writers of the kind, there have been passages fraught with the light of the Upanishads. True. These are again instances of the fact that when the mind of man goes earnestly after truth and makes strenuous efforts to have a look at the light that surrounds it, it cannot have more than one sight presented to it; for truth is one and all, as the masters put it. This fact—that India is spiritually so great—makes it all the more necessary that every one of us should realize it, and enjoy the benefits that legitimately flow from it as our birth-right. After the colleges in this part of India were organized, and the writings of the secular philosophers, as some have designated them, of the West, were introduced as subjects in the curricula, a good deal of unbelief crept in for a decade or so. Latterly there has been a reaction, and the Hindu mind has been, in a sense, restored to its former condition of faith and persevering effort after the discovery of that truth which the Upanishads have so sublimely enunciated in their own inimitable manner. Yet a while more, and it will be all right—i.e., the people of this country will realize completely how great spiritually their great country is.

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The lover and the Beloved are in reality one;
Idle talkers speak of the Brahmin as distinct from his idol.

The Ain-i-Akbari.

Seekers after God.

I. NANDA THE PARIAH SAINT.

(Concluded from page 55.)

Appiah Dikshitar, the eldest of the group, rose and told his wonderful dream—how Natarāja appeared before him, and related the possibility of purifying Nanda by means of a fire-bath. Kuppanā Dikshitar, his immediate successor in seniority, confirmed the dream by his own experience. Subbāh Dikshitar, saluted the two previous speakers, and expressed his surprise at the coincidence of his dream with those related. Natarāja Dikshitar did the same; and all the Dikshitars simultaneously rose, and expressed the uniformity of their dreams. At once, when the wind was blowing fiercely and the sun was burning hot, arrangements were made for a sacred fire being reared.

Meanwhile Nanda had just risen from a long trance and was singing,

My maid, go tell my lovely Lord that I
Bow to His golden feet that dance on high.

All shouted—Natarāja, Natarāja, &c., &c.

Nanda attempted to resume his song, but was checked with grief, as his long prayers had not yet borne fruit, and he had not yet been taken to the Presence. Just then, the Dikshitars appeared in a body before him, and, bowing to him, to his great surprise, related to him their wonderful dreams, and took him over to the corner of the South Māda Street where the fire had been prepared. The pious devotees at once sprang into the fire joyfully singing, "My father Iśa's feet are cool like the effulgent evening moon, the faultless Vina (a musical instrument), the breeze that unceasingly blows, the spring that swells, or a tank round which bees hum and swarm." O, pious Nanda, frantic with holy enthusiasm! leap into the fire: fire scorbeth thee (i.e., thy inner reality, thy *ātman*) not, water wetteth thee not, sword pierceth thee not, winds wither thee not, thou art a Brahmin, the pariah part of thee is burnt away. Of thee, now, it may be said: "Formless, yet all form; without inside and outside; beyond imperfection and perfection; without mark or character: all the Vedas declare Thee to be One, higher far than the mountains, vaster far than the horizon; and, in the sight of the wise enjoying the abandon of wisdom, Thou art neither he, nor she, nor it, but beautiful simply; no one can know Thee." Nanda! purified thou art by the fire of Wisdom, which burns away all past, present and future *karmas*.

Metaphorically all traditions are true; and even when taken literally, they have a meaning; for, as that wise critic Renan observes, "Faith demands the impossible, nothing less will satisfy it. To this very day, the Hindus every year walk over glowing coals, in order to attest the virginity of Drapadi, the common wife of the five sons of Kunti." Besides, we must learn to see "how a narrative, anecdotal and fabulous in form, may be more true than the truth itself; how the glory of a legend belongs, in a sense, to the great man whose life that legend traces, and who has been able to inspire in his humble admirers qualities, which, apart from him, they could never have invented. Often the hero creates his own legend." The legend which has so much to say about Nanda, speaks not a word about his followers. Every year the South Indian Railway train carries a multitude of people

to Natarāja's shrine, but few have been invested with the halo of such a rich and beautiful legend.

Nanda passed through the crucible unhurt, nay, rose purer for the bath; what was burning and seething was now cool and refreshing; where there was imperfection, there now was perfection; where there was want, there was now happiness; where there was low Pariah caste, there now was Brahmin caste in the truest sense of the word. He was taken by the admiring Dikshitars from the South Māda Street through the Eastern tower gate broad like the Vedas, and speedily led on by the side of Kambattadi Mantapa (Subrahmanya's shrine) and the square tank, and, across the Devasabha, into the common platform, midway between Sri-Govindarāja Perumāi and the dancing Natarāja. No damsel, richly laden with jewels and decorated for marriage with her favorite lover, ever went with greater joy to her nuptial bed fragrant with sandal and flowers, no humming bee ever went near the honey-filled flower "that captive makes the surrounding winds," with greater eagerness than did Nanda the Pariah, chanting forth his extempore hymns, the Vedas that sprang from his mouth, to the great Presence; where once stood Appar, singing his famous song meaning,

"He is my Lord, He who is rare, He who lives in the bosom of the gracious, He who resides in the temple of the Vedas and in the atom, the true God yet unknown, who is sweet like honey and milk, the abounding light of heaven, the God of Gods, Brahma and Vishnu, the great invisible spirit that pervades the rolling sea and the mountain chains. The days on which I forgot to sing His praise are days in which I did not live."

and similar songs; where stood Mānikkar fainting with love and pouring forth his remarkable Upanishads, where stood that sage of sages, Thāyumanavar, chanting forth his Vedic strains with eyes dimmed with tears; and where great men have left the dust of their feet to inspire noble and pious souls that may come after them. There now Nanda stood, and on both sides of the Kanaka-sabha (the golden mantapa) huge ocean-voiced bells poured forth their joyous chimes. Appiah Dikshitar entered into the shrine, and made *pūja* to God with light (*dīpārāthana*) and all, in honor of the newly made Brahmin. And not Sita freed from the demon Ajomukhi, nor even Rādhā on the lonely Jumna sands, ever rushed forth to the embrace of her beloved Lord more hastily than did Nanda, the Pariah Brahmin, to the fond embrace of his idol of idols, of his dream of dreams, his love of loves, his favorite beautiful Natarāja—Natarāja, holding up in one hand the eternal *Ātmic Jōtis* to attest the truth of His silent teaching, with His right leg planted over the illusion of suffering, and His left leg raised aloft, as if in search of lovers, serving as the highest banyan tree, the richest shade that could shelter against the scorching *samsāra* (worldly existence.) Nanda the Pariah disappeared into Nanda the Brahmin, and Nanda the Brahmin disappeared, once and for ever, into the eternal invisible Natarāja—disappeared, swan-like singing,

Natarāja my Lord, Natarāja my love,
My Lord, I come, I come, my love,
We both are only one from now;
Thou art I, and myself art Thou.

"In such access of mind, in such high
Hour of visitation from the living God,
Thought was not; in enjoyment it expired;
No thanks he breathed, he proffered no request;
Wrapt into still communion that transcends
The imperfect offices of prayer and praise
His mind was a thanksgiving to the power
That made him; it was blessedness and love."

The admirers of Nanda, the Dikshitar included, were struck dumb with wonder; and, on recovering, glorified Nanda's love and Natarāja's grace in the following words:

"A sacrifice he made of his warring mind, no wicked deity Thou, O Thou blessed calmness of the *turiya** state, all Thy bondsman's love was as water to wash Thy holy feet. The soul that resided within him was the offering, and his life an incense at Thy holy altar—and this, not for one day, but throughout—O Thou, the honeyed juice of the Vedas, their nectar, their sugar, the bliss that never gluts, the kinship that silently mingles with the thievish mind. Thou God of grace that danceth an eternal dance in the beautiful assembly of the wise, the sphere of eternity, the abandon of light."

And all on the spot danced in a group singing,
Natarāja, Natarāja, Nartana Sundara Natarāja,
&c., &c., &c.
Sambo Sadisiva Mahāsiva Sadisiva.
&c., &c., &c.

O reader! criticise not. Remember Chaitanya and his ecstatic rush after the moon in the water; the madman, the philosopher, and the lover are all alike, but yet this kind of love may not be the highest. Love is not above light, and light is not above love of the truest type. Love or light, it must not be transitory nor passionate outside, but eternal and peaceful, not like the volcano that bursts out in paroxysms of passion, but like the Himalayas that stand and shake not, like the Ganges that flows and dries not, like Natarāja himself who dances and never tires.

We have finished Nanda's tale. But for many a long night, let dreams of Natarāja and Nanda, the Pariah Saint, to whom a beautiful chapter of possibilities was opened, haunt us till our brains are filled with them and think by themselves, so to speak, of the teacher that ceases not to teach.

To the philosopher who transmutes everything into his philosophy and lends his own eternity to even fleeting things, Nanda is not merely a slave of Adhanur, and his life not merely a fancied legend or tradition. Nanda is none but the *Atman*, *Ananda* or bliss which is God. "He recognised that Happiness is Brahman; from Happiness, indeed, all these creatures are born; when born, they live through Happiness; when they depart, they enter into Happiness." *Tait. Up.* III. 6.

In mortal coils, it is the *Jīva* playing its sport of the world, shaping the stars, sun and moon, and forging chains of pleasure and hate. That Nanda is born in a Parachery, signifies that we are dealing in flesh and blood, butchers one and all. The very thought of one's body is pariahhood, and requires for its *prāyaschittam* (purification) a bath in the holy waters of the Upanishads. Like Nanda, we are slaves, bondsmen to our agricultural god, the belly, and slaves to our passions, which are our hourly kinsmen and neighbours. Like Nanda, we have a thousand wicked deities to obey, our bodily comforts, superstitions, name, fame, power, self, etc.

The Parachery is remote from the Brahmin quarters and the temple. 'Avidya or ignorance (represented by the Parachery), through which sprang all this universe, is only a quarter of the *Paramātman*. The remaining three-fourths (the Brahmin quarters, &c.) are immortal and filled with light.' (*Tait. Brahmaneda*, 2). 'I wear all this universe in a small fraction of Myself', said Sri Krishna (*Gita*, X, 42). Ignorance, even in its might, is small before knowledge that burns it away. The temple is visible, though at a distance; so there is some hope for man. To Thirupankore we have all to go—to the Siva-

lingam, i. e., that which remains after deducting all phenomena, the final mark. There, it is Nandi (Siva's bull) that obstructs the view; Nandi is nothing but the four good tendencies of the mind, cheerfulness, calmness, patience and resignation, the four gate-keepers of heaven. It is through these that God is to be approached; but when the Presence is reached, these form a hindrance, as even the good tendencies of the mind must cease before its attaining to the state of the formless *Brahman*. By God's grace even these are dispensed with, and the first glimpse is obtained. And when the face of the Lord is once seen, woman is forgotten, wealth is neglected, and love to God grows on what it feeds.

The clay gods are the idols we worship; and it is love that rules the heart, and prompts the worship. It is a Brahmin (i. e., one that knows the *Atman*) that preaches about Chidambaram and Natarāja. These we are familiar with as the *Atman* and the sphere of Wisdom (see 2nd issue); and it is the Brahmin's permission, i. e., the *guru's*, that is required to attain them. The *guru* tests the love, and love stands the test; and now who is great, who is small, who is *guru*, who is disciple? Nature rejoices in this equality (*samarasa*). Nanda then triumphantly goes to Chidambaram to the Presence of the *Atman*. The tell-tale kinsmen have all been subdued, there is a beautiful expression on the face: the wicked gods have long since been thrown away, i. e., the passions, the strife of the senses, and the gravitation of the earth have all been overcome. At this stage there are 'sermons in stones, and books in running brooks, and good in every thing.' There is philosophy in the silent tower, in the high walls, in the open gate, in the temple and in Natarāja. The Dikshitar are the gate-keepers of Heaven, the *sāstraic* support and love required for entering the Presence. They pass Nanda through the ordeal of fire—the hair bridge, and similar things of the *Bṛihadāraṇyaka Upanishad*. And when Nanda rises from the fire, he is led to the temple, and there enters into the Presence, which the lying and the wicked never see; he disappears, gets dissolved like camphor in fire, like salt in water or, as Sri Śāṅhānanda Saraswati would say, as an iceberg in the ocean, disappears once and for ever, silently like the bubble that sinks into the sea, like the wave that after roaring loud, dies a silent death. But think not that Nanda is dead. Souls like Nanda's never die, they are immortal here and above. To-day is five or six hundred years since the poor Pariah slave of Adhanur lived and died, and to-day we sing his praise. This month November-December, the lovely girls of the south, richly dressed and beautiful like peacocks, play the merry *kōlītam* (a sort of plait-dance) singing the praise of the Pariah that became a Brahmin, and dancing the dance of the dancing God Natarāja. O reader! loving reader, let us all hasten to love, hasten to stand where Nanda stood, hasten to enter into the Presence, and lose ourselves in It silently and joyfully, a consummation in which angels rejoice, and for which gods rain showers of flowers.

Rightly understood, Nanda's story is an illustration of the great teaching:—

"Whosoever will save his life shall lose it: and whosoever will lose his life for my sake shall find it."

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting;
 The soul that rises with us, our life's star,
 Hath had elsewhere its setting,
 And cometh from afar.—

Wordsworth.

* The fourth state as distinguished from the three states of waking, dreaming and sleeping.

The Higher Carelessness.

When the mental vision has been searching with troubled and anxious gaze for some sure clue to the heavenward path, or when it has recoiled in horror before the picture of an effete civilization breaking up, and anarchy and violence taking the place of order, it is an intense relief to realize that there is an inner stronghold, where the worn warrior may retire to, that there is a sure harbour where the storm-tossed bark may find rest. And this harbour is ever at hand, this stronghold may be entered at any moment. It requires but the conviction of its paramount necessity, it requires but the surrender—absolute and unconditional—of the man's lower nature to the other pole of his being, and lo! he has attained a peace and a strength that the crumbling of the world in ruins at his feet could not shake. To be able to live in this state permanently is to have attained the condition of the Yogi or the Saint, but to have experienced it even for one moment teaches that it is the first step on the true spiritual path, which the mental vision might grope for through eternity without finding.

For one whose imagination can conjure up scenes of that human earthquake, a social revolution, where the impossibility of gauging the forces or of fore-seeing the developments adds so awfully to the horror of the situation, surely strength and courage must be the paramount qualities required, courage to keep the heart from fainting at the dread anticipation, and strength to keep the brain from reeling in the conflict.

But if the man has so fixed his soul on the supreme soul, has so surrendered his will to the divine will, has so identified himself with the Deity, that he feels he is but a tool in the omnipotent hand, the divine carelessness will have entered into him, and that will give him strength. There will be no looking forward with dread anticipation, for he cares not what happens to him—the duty that lies at his hand he will do with a clear brain and steadfast will, caring not for the result, though it may be danger and death—but what matters that? the flesh may quail at the final parting, but the man who has identified himself with the spirit within, which has inhabited many a house of flesh, has raised himself above mortal fears.

It is only in moments of supreme concentration and by intense imaginative power that we who toil on, on lower levels, can occasionally get a glimpse of this serene condition, which as far as words can describe it would seem to be portrayed in the second part of "*Light on the Path*" (Rule 8) "You can stand upright now, firm as a rock amid the turmoil, obeying the warrior who is thy self and thy king. Unconcerned in the battle save to do his bidding, having no longer any care as to the result of the battle—for one thing only is important—that the warrior shall win; and you know he is incapable of defeat, standing thus, cool and awakened, use the hearing you have acquired by pain and by the destruction of pain, &c."

Even those who are still bound by the desires of action may occasionally reach in imagination the exalted serenity of this state of being, and such contemplation must doubtless help in freeing from the bondage of desire. Philanthropic work for humanity will no longer seem an object for action, for the devotee will have become conscious that the supreme power that acts by him is also guiding by invisible hands the whole course of human affairs, and the well-meant remedial actions of purblind men will, under the new illumination of the eternal light, appear to him in their true character as the ineffectual gropings of captives in a cavern. And the very fact of

his no longer desiring to garner the fruit of his actions will cause his actions to be all the more far-reaching in their results. The will becomes omnipotent when dissociated from human desires, for it is then part of the divine will.

His attitude towards humanity will also find a parallel in his attitude towards divinity, for the passionate adoration will have been left behind, and will have given place to the carelessness of the divine serenity.

The conquering of all earthly desires must be a work of ages and many lessons will doubtless still remain to be learned by him who has attained to this state. It is written that the aspirant must always look forward with awe, and always be prepared for the battle, but in the vast scale of being great distance is lost in the infinite beyond, and from our present standpoint this higher carelessness would indeed seem to be the ultimate state realisable by man while still he bears the body, for what other is it than a fore-taste while in the body of that "peace of God which passeth all understanding."

From '*Problems of the Hidden Life*'—By PILGRIM.

The Story of Jada Bharata.

PART I.

Asāthanūchintanam bandhanāya Bharatavat Sāṅkhya Kārika, Book IV, Aphorism 8—"That which is noble means of liberation is not to be thought of; it becomes a cause of bondage, as in the case of Bharata."

This Bharata was a great king, who once ruled over our country, and whose memory has been perpetuated in the Sanskrit name for India, "Bharata Varsha" or land of Bharata. He was the son of the great Royal Sage Rishabha. Rishabha carefully instructed his son while young, in all the kingly duties and the sublime philosophy of the Vedānta, and in everything else that was necessary to make him a worthy successor of himself. When Bharata attained his age, his father, who was then in the plenitude of power, abdicated the throne in his favor, and betook himself to the forest to meditate undisturbed on the lotus-feet of the Lord.

This would seem strange in these days. But ancient India was essentially a land of religious realization. It is no matter for wonder, therefore, that kings, who were foremost in the land in point of wealth, power, and position, were also great philosophers and saints. Rāma was taught the solution for the problem of life, when quite young. It was on account of this priceless possession that he interpreted his struggles and sufferings, and was able to endure them, in a manner essentially different from that of a Hamlet or a Prometheus. The secret of it was that, in the midst of all agitation, Rāma had his eye fixed on that "Star above the storm," the luminous Self within. Janaka's cheerful equanimity at the destruction of the city which was the object of his tender solicitude, is too well known to need more than a passing reference here. Thus it was generally the aim of men in those days to live and move and have their being in God, the material things being held merely subservient to this end.

To return to the subject. Soon after he ascended the throne, Bharata entered the holy *grahasthāstram* and took for his wife, Pāṇḍarāni, the daughter of Viśvarūpa. He had five sons, who were as great and powerful as himself. He was a model king and a centre of moral and spiritual force, protecting the people from foreign aggressions, and providing for their material and spiritual needs with

more than paternal solicitude. During several years of just and beneficent reign, he never once forgot that this vast and wonderful universe is but the "shadow of beauty unbeheld", the reflection of a glorious and eternal light seen through a perverse medium—our mind, which is a poly-sided mirror distorting to many a shape of error that which is really One without a second. Through his mind, purified by the *nishkāmyakarma* (action without caring for reward) which he incessantly performed, he became able to see, like Nārada and other chosen devotees, the divinity which shines formless within the lotus chamber of his heart, with as much vividness and reality as if the God were there in an embodied form adorned with conch, bow and disc. The more he saw Him, the more his love grew in intensity and force.

Bharata now saw that he had fairly worked out his *karma* which had determined his position in life as king; and he accordingly transferred his sacred trust to his son, and himself went to the hermitage known as Pulahāsrama. It was a place of

.....more pellucid streams,
An ampler ether, a diviner air,
And fields invested with purpureal gleams.

The *āśrama* was sanctified by the waters of the Gandaki which flowed round it, and it was the general resort of great and noble souls who wanted to realize God. The peace and tranquillity that reigned there was highly expressive of the God sought therein; and of it, it might well be said, one impulse from that vernal wood will teach you more of God and Man than all your sciences can. In this beautiful hermitage, at a solitary place, and with his senses at rest, Bharata would daily worship God with flowers and tender leaves, and drink with avidity the sweet nectar which silently welled up at the time from within his *oakm* and tranquillised spirit. Often with his senses completely ravished, his hairs standing erect, and with eyes swimming with tears, he would totally lose himself in the flood of divine rapture which overflowed even the fathomless depths of his heart and made him forget even that he was worshipping. Indeed, in moments of such divine ecstacy, he did not worship, but himself became God. Early in the morning, he would bathe in the river, clothe himself in deerskin, and with his face to the east, would thus sing the glory of the Lord symbolized in the rising sun, "May we attain that Supreme effulgence which shines through the sun, that pure *Sat* which manifests itself as *Īśvara* and creates through *Mūyā* all this universe."

We now come to a different chapter in Bharata's life. He was not to remain long in this blissful condition. One day, after bathing in the waters of the *mahānadi* (holy river), Bharata seated himself on its banks, and was meditating on the sacred *Gāyatri*. Ere long, he was roused by the terrible roar of a lion close by. A female deer which was just then quenching her thirst in the river got terrified at the sound; and, with her delicate frame trembling with fear, violently jumped on to the bank, while the young one in her womb, slipped out of it into the river. The shock was too much for that naturally timid creature; and, before proceeding a few steps, it dropped down dead by the side of a cavern. Bharata, who was observing all this, took pity on the young fawn, which was being carried away helplessly by the floods; and ran to its rescue. He took it into his *āśrama*, and was kindly attending to its wants. He made it a part of his worship to look after the young one, and spared nothing on his part to make it live. He would divine its wants with more than maternal instinct, and would procure them with a like

zeal and solicitude. The young one was regularly fed with cow's milk and tender grass, and was lodged in a comfortable place in the *āśrama*. Gradually, however, it engaged Bharata's attention more and more; and he came to look upon it as something like his property—because he had rescued it from the floods—and to think that he had a claim to look after it, more than any one else. No sooner did he cherish such an idea, than he became personally and passionately attached to it. Worship and meditation gradually slipped away, while he was constantly engaged in nursing, protecting, pleasing and fondling it by turns. Often he would say to himself, "This poor little thing which has been thrown helpless on the world, has come to me for protection, and is so much attached to me that it never thinks of its parents or relatives. Therefore I should not hesitate to devote myself to its service. To neglect one's helpless dependents would be sinful. Therefore it is that noble-minded men set aside their own superior spiritual interests, and devote themselves to the protection of those who need their care and kindness."

Fortified with such an argument, he allowed the fawn to be his companion at all times and places. It was with him while bathing, meditating and sleeping. He would take it with him when he went out to fetch fruits, leaves, kusagrass, &c. On the way, under an impulse of warm affection, he would sometimes take it, and bear it on his shoulders. It will be extremely interesting to follow the development of Bharata's relations with the fawn. Often he would pine for its company on account of the pleasure it gave him. Even during worship, he would mount it on his laps, dally with it, and shower on it his choicest blessings.

While thus having a pleasant time of it with the fawn, he one day missed it all on a sudden. He searched for it hard and for a long time, but in vain. At last he lost all hope of finding it, and feeling miserable like a miser robbed of his wealth, he broke out into most cowardly ejaculations, "O unfortunate wretch that I am, how cruel have I been to that helpless young! Else why should it run away from me? Will it, in its nobility, overlook my failings, and confide in me again? Can I see it again safe, grazing on the outskirts of the forest? Will not some kind gods take care of it? Or has it already been devoured by wolves and tigers abounding in the forest? Even the sun is set, still my darling has not turned up. Will it return and comfort me, a poor wretch, with its graceful and charming presence? Will it be given to me to lose myself once more with eyelids closed, while the little thing frisks and gambols with all the divine charms of a summer landscape melting under the mellow moon? Shall it again approach me with affectionate familiarity, and rouse me from that pleasant slumber by suddenly throwing itself into my lap? Or shall I live to enjoy again its pleasant interference with my *pīja*, and its sensible withdrawal at a glance from me?" So prating, he worked himself up into a state of infatuation; and walking a few steps again in search of the fawn, he discovered its foot-prints, which elicited a fresh outburst. "This *āśrama* must be blessed indeed to bear these tender, graceful and sacred foot-prints which give me life and hope. I can now find out my lost treasure." With these words, he walked up a few steps, when he saw the moon with its deer-like speck peeping down through the thick-set leaves of the *āśrama* trees, and struck into a still more frantic strain, "Lo, this great Lord of the stars shelters in his bosom a beautiful fawn; while mine, which was even more beautiful, and which I tended so fondly, sheltering it more

securely than this moon does his, has strayed from me, leaving me thus wretched", and began to weep.

The poor king, who had cheerfully renounced his wife and children and his extensive dominions, had no strength in him to reconcile himself to the separation from the young deer to which he latterly became attached; for, having previously renounced everything else, now he focused on a single object all the love which his lower self was capable of. Thus an attachment formed at an advanced stage of renunciation, is specially disastrous in its consequences. Bharata's one idea was to recover his lost treasure, which was, however, not to be. His frame, already wasted by an abstemious life in the forest was soon eaten away by a mortal anguish; and the unhappy king one day breathed his last, with his head full of his dear fawn. The result was that, in his next incarnation, he was born as a deer, forfeiting for the time the merits he had acquired as a *bhakta* in the earlier years of his previous existence. Thus the ill-fated attachment he contracted for the fawn, utterly blasted the immediate purpose of a life which had begun so well.

The above story might be easily misunderstood. To the careless reader, it might mean that Jada Bharata was made a beast, because he showed great compassion for the deer; and that, by the laws of Heaven, kindness and pity merit only punishment. The laws of Heaven are, however, incapable of such an absurdity.

On the other hand, the story of Jada Bharata is a standing example, to illustrate the insufficiency of our narrow and personal love—narrow, because we love one man and woman in preference to the rest, and for one that we love we hate ten; and personal, because, through it, we emphasize our personality, and joy and grieve by turns. The course of such love never runs smooth. In most cases, it is a brief emotion, 'the perfume and suppliance of a minute' fading away like a floweret.

Love hath forlorn me,
Living in thrall;
Heart is bleeding,
All help needing,
O cruel speeding!

is the usual cry of all lovers; and even while it lasts, it may be said of it, "Of love and death, I know not which is sweeter, no, not I." True love is not this narrow, personal, selfish, and, often, miserable love. It is love in God; loving, not because this particular thing, or that, is pleasing to me, in preference to others; but because it is the manifestation of God, of the God within me, my own Self. "I am myself the cow, the dog, the leper and the rich man," says the Vedāntin, and whom could he hate? He sees himself in all the world, and loves because love is the essence of his soul, because he cannot but love, because Love is Light and Light is Love. There is in such love no pandering to his low self; for that narrow individuality is a thing long since dead, and true love is the flower upon its grave. Infinite is the sphere of this love, for God is everywhere; and incapable of death or misery, for God is immortal and blissful. The sage, healing a leper, takes no pride in it, any more than we for scratching our bodies during sleep, for he sees himself in the leper. His love is instinctive and spontaneous, like the light of the moon; and in it there is no exclusion, no preference of one to another, and no selfishness. The true yogi is the embodiment of this highest love, which, to be highest, cannot exclude anything from its scope. Like a cloud, he pours out his love and kindness to all; and, in the act, he wears out and dissolves his own personality (his lower self.) Dwelling in that Sun of suns,

the eternal Self within, as he looks below from that lofty height, the little differences which separate man from man are no longer real to him, and he loves all men equally. He is like a fragrant flower, which is full of cheer and tenderness in all surroundings, and unconsciously emits its sweet odour for the benefit of both the good and the bad. In short, he sees the God in all things, and loves them for Him; and hence his love is impersonal, and, therefore, the highest. It was this highest love which inspired Buddha, Jesus and Sankara to help struggling humanity as they did.

But until the mind is turned permanently inward, and rests with the Higher Self, which alone can feed that infinite and impersonal love, the little self will persist and externalise the mind. The more the Yogi is away from the earth, the greater and subtler the force with which it drags him down. Rambha and U'rvasi, and hosts of other heavenly damsels are specially fond of people going Heavenward. Even artificial summers and untimely moons are called into existence to entrap the poor yogis; and it required an effort, even on the part of Išwara, to burn away the seducing Manmatha. So, from the time he leaves the earth behind, and till he reaches the Himalayan summit of Self-realization, the earnest seeker after God should avoid all things which feed his little self, which drags him down; and renounce all *personal* attachment to things. Love to his wife, and even love to his country, are not good for a yogi, if he loves them because they are his. In so far as he bestows a thought upon others beyond his immediate little self, it is true love, it is self-sacrifice. But in so far as he does so, with the idea that they are his, it is selfishness; the result is therefore not perfect love. A passionate love to one's kindred and countrymen is good for one who is not aware of any love at all. In the case of Silas Marner, his devotion to the charming little child Eppie, alchemised his sterile existence, and called forth all his latent humanity. But in the case of Bharata, whose love had out-grown his family and his country, and was already becoming impersonal, a reversion to a limited attachment would be as unwise as the attempt of a man who has half climbed a steep rock to snatch at something that attracts him in the lower regions. That Bharata conceived a *personal* attachment for the fawn was natural, as his evolution was not yet complete, and as he was still within the sway of the earth. But instead of brushing aside such an idea when it arose, and steadily looking upward, he hopelessly flagged, and allowed his lingering egoism to develop and assert itself, and it completely dragged him down from the spiritual eminence he had attained. For the human mind never rests halfway: if Godward, it must reach God; if earthward, it must reach earth.—(Adapted from the *Bhāgavata*.)

Thoughts on the Bhagavad Gita.

(Continued from page 36.)

WARRIOR, fight the battle bravely, fight it with a hero's courage. Krishna, Sri Krishna is always with the Gopis, the lovers, the Bhaktas. Fight on the battle; but not for bread, for money, for fame, for name, or with any selfish end in view. The emancipated Negroes have a lesson to teach you. It is said of them that soon after emancipation they got so wild, that they would eat away the pumpkins of the forest and the paddy that was given to them to sow; and the very seeds were swallowed up, so that there were no means for a fresh harvest of

pumpkins or paddy. They could not understand that, if they would only wait, they would have a richer living the next year; or, at any rate, they would not undergo the trouble and patience of sowing and reaping. Most of us are doing just the same thing; we are bartering away our highest Self, our God, our Heaven, our happiness of to-morrow, for the low pleasures of to-day. If only we could wait a little and refuse to pamper the beast within and fight on bravely, the victory will surely be ours. By the grace of Sri Krishna, our *Atman*, the inner Empire of peace and joy, infinite and 'overflowing the bounds of this world', will certainly be ours. In that wonderful book 'Light on the Path' occurs the following passage:—"You can stand upright now, firm as a rock amid turmoil, obeying the warrior who is thy self and thy king. Unconcerned in the battle save to do his bidding, having no longer any care as to the result of the battle—for one thing only is important—that the warrior shall win; and you know he is incapable of defeat, standing thus cool and awakened, use the hearing you have acquired by pain and by the destruction of pain . . ." (Part II, Rule 8). When we are steadily following the warrior within, and when we have given up our clinging to our low self, then, there need be no fear: God's grace is all ours. Remember the *Sruti*, 'Know the *Jiva* as the rider, the body as the car, know the charioteer as intellect, and the mental tendencies as the reins. They say the senses are the horses and their objects are the roads' (Katha Upanishad, III. 3-4). If your intellect be not stained, in other words, if it be as it ought to be, the brightest reflection of the *Atman*—the charioteer Krishna—the car on which you are seated will go well, there will be no fear to the rider, provided you know how to hold the reins of mental tendencies. The senses, the fleet horses of yours, will run well and stand the war; and you need fear no obstacles on the road. The victory will surely be yours. If, on the other hand, your intellect be clouded with sensual and selfish considerations, or weakened by low cares, or enfeebled by vain ambition and avarice, or polluted by prejudice, then, there is a fatal defect in the charioteer (the charioteer was, in the ancient mode of warfare by personal combat, a very important personage; and hence Krishna is the charioteer, and Arjuna the warrior) and you will simply go to ruin.

To go into the work itself. We must remember that the Gita was not written by Sri Krishna. It was a mere conversation which lasted for a little more than three hours—no other three hours have been so profitable to humanity—and the tact with which the grief-stricken Arjuna is carried, through many a winding path and labyrinthian corridor, into the Temple of Wisdom, and there made to bow before the formless but radiant light of its inner close, is simply inimitable. The task, however, of tracing the path to the inner recesses of the temple is anything but easy; and the combined but utterly inharmonious light shed by rival commentators, like the light of the wonderfully set mirrors of Dharmaputra's palace (Dharmaputra was the eldest of the Pāndavas) which led astray his poor blind uncle Drithirāshtra, has beguiled more vigilant men than the writer into false steps; so that it is no mock humility to preface what is here written by saying that no originality is claimed, and that whatever appears in these pages on this subject rests upon the authority of men who have fought the battle of life and ventured into the very midst of the Temple, and are undisturbedly enjoying its sacred inner light, and upon the authority of the inner meaning of the Vedas which godfathered those men in their lonely ascent along the narrow way.

The most wonderful thing about the Gita is perhaps its evolution. As the train of thought and the links between its successive verses are at times missed, it may not be out of place to very briefly sketch out the plan of at least its introductory chapters, before entering into its philosophy.

The first thing that Krishna did was to sound the depth of Arjuna's grief. He ridiculed his melancholy, in a perfectly cousinly fashion, as untimely, mean, infamous, and equally inimical to his happiness here and hereafter. But finding that it was too deep for such taunts, that Arjuna had contrived to fall into a deep pit from which, however much ridiculed by the most humorous of cousins, he could not help himself out, Krishna seriously set about his mission on earth. It was a glorious hour for humanity (let us not forget however the inner meaning), when Krishna like a veritable land-lord—really he is *Kshetragna*—saw that the soil had been wetted and ploughed deeply enough for the reception of the seed in season, and sweetly curled his divine lips in smile. Ah! how soft that smile and how sweet and full of mercy and love and joy at the arrival of the appointed time!

"Arjuna," said he, "how is it that you talk like a warrior and act like a coward? The wise never grieve either for the living or for the dead; for, there is really no death, and what appears to be such is simply a change of coat, and nothing else. After we leave our present bodies, we pass on to others as naturally as we advance from youth to manhood and from manhood to old age. Grief and joy are incidental to the world, and transitory; and he alone is wise and fitted for salvation, who is not affected by these pairs of opposites, heat and cold, life and death, grief and joy, honour and dishonour, &c., for these are unreal, and soil not the *Atman*, the inner soul, which is eternal, indestructible and boundless. The *Atman* within our bodies slayeth not, nor is slain; It is not born, nor does It die; It is ancient and unknowable; no one can work Its destruction; It pervades the whole world and is not slain with the body. 'This *Atman* is never born, gets never decayed, never dies and never grows; and he that knows It to be such, who does he slay and who could slay him? Swords pierce It not, fire burns It not, water moistens It not, winds wither It not. Eternal, all-pervading, stable, immovable, ancient, beyond reach of thought, of word, and sight, and changeless as the *Atman*, is, there is no cause for you, O Arjuna, to grieve.' (II: 11—25).

"Even supposing that It is born with the body and dies with it, you should not grieve; for sure is the death of him that is born, and sure is the birth of him that is dead. These our bodies and other things in the universe are unmanifest in their origin and dissolution, and appear only in the middle (we neither know where we come from nor where we go). 'What cause is there then for lamentation? One looks upon the *Atman* as marvellous, another speaks of It as such, a third hears of It as such, but none of these has fully understood It. I assure you that even if all our bodies were to be slain, the *Atman* within them can never be slain; and so, you should not grieve for any creature.' " (25—30.)

After this glorious—and by Arjuna perfectly unexpected—anthem to the *Atman*, which, by its vigour and eloquence, had the effect of stirring his mind, and surprised him out of his untimely grief, Krishna descends to the earth, and approaches Arjuna's problem from a mundane point of view. Arjuna, we may be sure, does not fully follow his companion in his heavenward flight. But the vigorous oration had, like a sudden shower that cleanses the air, or a sudden gust of wind that clears away the germs of disease, the effect of scattering the cloud that hung on

him; so that he was not after it in the same mood as he was in before. Surprise has a strange effect on sorrow; and the earthly consideration which Krishna next presented, went home more easily to him than it could have done before.

As the passages referred to above have given rise to much misconception and ignorant criticism, it would be well for us to stop here a little, and consider what really Krishna meant.

(To be continued.)

True Greatness or Vāsudeva Sāstry.

By T. C. NATARAJAN.

CHAPTER IV.

(Continued from page 60.)

The rich and mellifluous eloquence of Lakshmi, her sweet faltering accents, her earnest emotion, her beautiful gestures as she spoke, combined with the high poetry of her speech, drove away from Krishna's mind all thoughts of the low love he had courted; and, weeping for his folly at the end of his life, when life's flame was flickering between to-be and not-to-be, said, "My dearest love, how worthy of your father! My sweet angel, if I die to-day, my only desire is to be born in the next life as your husband or wife; let us both, my love, look once again at that blue Krishna-like sky—I through your eyes, and you through mine—and drink deep all the love, all the poetry, and all the religion of it. Look at its sad serenity, and its soft and even stillness, look once again at that silent silvery moon, and cry to Him who is beyond the skies and the moon. Pray, tell me, Lakshmi, the grand prayer your father taught you, 'Come, O come, &c.,' recite, let me hear my sweet Lakshmi!"

"Yes! My dear," said Lakshmi, and began to pray:—

"Come, O come, my gracious Lord,
My life's eternal guard;
Whether I live or die,
Save me, my strength, save me.
I ask not for life below,
Nor bread, nor wealth, but love;
That I in myself might see
Thy brightness and glory.
The stars are big and bright,
But bigger still the Light
Within, and brighter far
Than all the planets are.
He is ever in me,
I am He and He is I,
Not swords can part us ever,
Nor *Māya* dare us sever."

Just as she finished praying, the terrible noise of Annammāl's wailing came rolling upwards from the threshold. Lakshmi said, "My dear, our father is come;" and, at the same time, there came into the room Krishna's mother with milk in hand for her dying son. She was a bit of a fool, and would often quarrel. She had lost her husband long since, and she had no grandson by Krishna who was her only son. At her approach, which, to Krishna, was not altogether welcome, he turned aside his face in disgust, and was about to abuse her, when Lakshmi, who had by this time risen from her seat, whispered to him, "My love! you have no quarrel on earth, you are going to Heaven, where I shall soon follow you." Immediately Krishna calmed himself a little; and just then Vāsudeva

Sāstry and his wife ascended the stair case, the latter growing terribly louder and louder at every step.

Tut, silence, do you know, silly woman! where you are going, and with whom you are going? going to a dying son-in-law, who wants calmness more than your weeping, and whose thoughts are more with Heaven than with earth, and going with the calmest of men, whose feet-dust even you are not worth. To compare great things with small, as Suka approached Parikshit at the hour of death, so our Sāstry is going to his dying son-in-law, as the latter yearned very much to see him. The sick room is a holy place, where none but gentle feet might tread. All suffering is sacred, and admits of no mockery and no abuse. The bed on which a human being is thrown prostrate is an altar, where the assertive ego of the sufferer is silently submitted for sacrifice; and where the combined incense of prayer and pity goes up to Heaven. Women, whatever their frailties, are generally the officiating priests at the sacrifice. Their calm self-denial, their long night vigils, their soft soothing words, the solicitude with which they divine the patient's wants, the strong restraint they put upon their tears which want to roll down in torrents, the patience and readiness with which they endure scenes too hard to bear even for medical men, and the silent prayer from which they never cease, convert the sick chamber into a temple, where one might kneel and worship. More philosophy is learnt and practised within its four walls than anywhere else. The spirit of man is humbled, low-selfishness is forgotten, if only for the moment; and the divinity that lies concealed in us is slowly drawn out. Here, 'where the stir and glare of the world is shut out and every voice is hushed,' there is religion without its rituals, philosophy without its dryness, and love without its vanity. It was from the air of the sick-room and the lazaretto that Christs and Buddhas were made.

He died well, the patriarch who died with all his family round him and uttering the name of Lord Jesus. He died well, the ancient Rishi who by his Guru's grace had the last hour all for himself and crossed to the other world meditating on the Lord of the *Gāyatri*.

Krishna! take courage, fear not, there is the high God, who is above, below, and everywhere, who is all love and all light. Remember that disease and death are of the body; that your punishment is your expiation; that you are bound to progress; that, if you die, instead of this shattered mortal coil, a new coat will come, or no coat if you are so virtuous. Free your mind from fear and doubt. Cheerfulness is the gateman of Heaven. And you who are round the sick bed, watch the dying man, moisten his parched lips, support his failing limbs, hasten to love, and let all your sympathy and divinity rush to the man who is already on the verge of infinity. "The last words, the last looks of those whom we love are a kind of testament, they have a solemn and a sacred character; for that which is on the brink of death already participates to some extent in eternity. A dying man seems to speak to us from beyond the tomb. What he says has the effect upon us of a sentence, an oracle, an injunction. We look upon him as one endowed with second sight; serious and solemn words come naturally to the man who feels life escaping and the grave opening. The depths of his nature are then revealed, the divine within need no longer hide itself. Oh! be swift to love, make haste to be kind.

Vāsudeva Sāstry sat near his son-in-law and looked at him: tears rushed into his eyes, but he checked them with his philosophy, and clasping him in his arms, spoke some kind words which to him were like elixir.

"Fear not," he said, "only our bodies die, we can never die, we are immortal. Let us remember our divinity. 'Think of the God in you even in the hour of death, and you become myself,' said Sri Krishna. 'Try and fix your thoughts on God. Thousands die every day, do we grieve for them? It is only when death comes near us that we grieve and fear. The evil lies in our low selfishness.'"

"Once Krishna was walking with Arjuna out of the battle-field. A Brahmin was seen going round a fire, with the idea of falling into it; one moment more, all would have been over. Arjuna, learned in the Gita, ran to rescue the poor Brahmin. 'Poor man' said he, Krishna laughing within himself all the while, 'why this despair, why this suicide? O Brahmin, venerable you are, I shall give you half of my kingdom, go shares with you in all my wealth, only stop from your horrible act.' The Brahmin replied, 'Who are you thus to prevent me? Your wealth, your empires, keep all of them, and take them over with you when you die. As for me, my only beloved son is no more, and why should I live? Fire is ready, prevent me not?' Arjuna dragged him away by his Gāndīva, fell at his feet and exclaimed, 'O Brahmin, I shall give you anything, commit not this sin.' The Brahmin was ready with his reply, 'Yes, yes, easily said. If your son had died, this fire would have devoured you, I know. Krishna, apparently innocent Krishna, said, 'It is true; his grief he only knows; if your son dies tomorrow, I too know you will do the same.' 'No, no,' replied Arjuna emphatically, 'even if my son dies, I will not do it.' Krishna said, 'It is all words, words, words.' The Brahmin added, 'My grief is mine, you may talk, but let me die. I am sure if your son die, you will also do the same.' 'No, no,' said Arjuna, the far-seeing Arjuna, 'I promise, I swear.' 'Give me the oath' was the Brahmin's reply. Arjuna was true to his word, the Gāndīva was down at once; and he leapt over it, once, twice and thrice. At once, the conjuring Krishna, the magician of magicians, drew away the vision; the fire disappeared, and with it the illusory Brahmin; the oath alone remained. Arjuna stared at Krishna, and Krishna stared at Arjuna in return with his black eyes wide open (the same eyes which Ravi Varma has so well portrayed), and complimented him for his extreme unselfishness. Poor, discomfited Arjuna took back his Gāndīva and returned to the battle-field. The evening sun set with, of course, its usual pomp; and Abhimanyu's (Arjuna's son) soul also set with it, 'to bid good morning in a fairer clime.' As soon as he heard the news, Arjuna wanted a huge fire scorching the heavens to be reared for him and his Gāndīva. 'Yes, yes,' said Krishna, 'Remember your oath: one thing for the Brahmin, another for the Kshatriya; one word for others, another for you,—I suppose!' Arjuna was silenced. He had to choke all his grief within himself, spoke not a word, and asked for no fire. Arjuna had advised the Brahmin not to grieve; but when the turn came to him, he was not able to bear his own grief. What was the reason? The self in Arjuna had not died; it asserted itself; and the result was—one thing for the Brahmin, another for himself. The Gita was not sufficient to silence his self. Krishna's magic was required in addition. This low selfishness is the cause of all our misery." Young Krishna, while hearing the tale from his father-in-law's lips, was observing with surprise his coolness at the prospect of his daughter's widowhood. Sāstry continued, "Suppose a thunderbolt falls upon my head as I speak, I won't care; for my life is not here. I am with the Lord. He is everywhere and

all; everybody can see him except those whose hearts are false. Ah, the peace, the coolness, the sweet calmness, the blessedness of His Presence! Ah, who can know it and love it not? The coolness of the radiant moon, the silence of the soft sky, what are they before that unclouded glory, the light that shakes not, the love that quails not, the blessedness that gluts not? Oh, for one moment of it, my dear son." As he spoke the last words, there was a sweet angelic expression in his face, and in his mind a soft beatitude that shone as no moon ever shone, a splendour before which the trembling lightning's light was no light at all.

One minute more, Vāsudeva Sāstry was nowhere. Reader, mistake me not, his body, his flesh were all there. He was absorbed in contemplation, becoming himself Lord Vāsudeva who pervades all the Universe, the infinite Spirit (*Sarvam vāsudēva mayam jagat*). Where was our Sāstry, in the heavens, in the stars, within the moon, in the waters, in the sick-room, where was he? Was he it, or he, or she? He was all and everywhere; his form, no form; knowledge, all-knowledge; light, universal light; Self, universal Self. Have you seen how camphor melts into fire; dismiss the smoke, dismiss the unburnt carbon, and what remains? Just as camphor melts into the fire, so had our Vāsudeva melted into the *Parabrahman*. Five minutes passed away, ten minutes, fifteen minutes, half an hour, Sāstry woke not; no one dared to speak. Even our Annammāl was silent. The calmness of the hour was charming to the dying Krishna, whose limbs were steadily failing, and helped him in his contemplation.

Krishna, take courage. I see tears are starting forth from your eyes. God Yama is come; that too I see; your breath becomes intermittent; care not. Sāstry wakes, he sees you, he talks to you of the playful God Krishna, he reminds you of His flute, he reminds you of the *gopis* and how they loved Him. Your breath fails, he speaks to you yet of how He appeared before them. He utters the 'Om,' that ocean of mystery, that sacred magic; he explains to you how it symbolises God, the *Ātman* within you, and asks you to utter it. 'Om' you say. "Aloud," he says. 'Om' you say. "Once again," he says. 'Om' you say. His calmness speaks to you even more than his eloquence, his absorption appeals to you more than even the dancing God. You look at Lakshmi for the last time and, weeping, look at her father, as if to say, "Take care of her. She was my dearest love on earth." Lakshmi sees your emotion, bursts into tears, and hides her face for fear of spoiling your future happiness. You check yourself with a desperate effort; and once again, of your own accord, you say 'Om.' At once you start up, you breathe your last breath, clasping Lakshmi's father round his neck, your last friend—the kindest man that ever lived, the strongest arm that supported.

"Hari Om." Krishna's life on earth is finished, desperate is the weeping of the women. Even Vāsudeva Sāstry's eyes were dimmed with tears. Lakshmi weeps. Poor girl, you have lost your life, you cheered him up to the grave, you helped him to Heaven. God bless you. The corpse is carried to the burning ground; a melancholy procession, most melancholy, follows up to the grave. Lakshmi, poor desperate Lakshmi, seeks to follow further, but is prevented by a multitude of violent hands from falling into the fire which was rapidly consuming her dearest lover; the ocean of her grief that was hitherto choked up for the sake of her husband with a rare courage, has burst its bounds. She cries her eyes out, not for

(Continued on cover p. 3.)